

# The Republican.

No. 22, Vol. 8.] LONDON, Friday, Dec. 5, 1823. [PRICE 6d.]

## TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY OF DORSET.

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 30, 1823.

My addresses to you, in conjunction with my exposures of those who so scandalously oppress me in this Gaol, are driving the whole fraternity of your county "high bloods" outrageously mad. You are fully aware, of the extent and manner in which they have barked at me, but they are now beginning to bite. This is no matter of surprise or terror to me, for, by a reference to "The Republican" for November 1819, it may be seen, that I have been always prepared for destruction. I knew well what I was doing, and intending to do—what the persons were whom my doings affected, and how they were affected, both for the present and future; and knowing this, I also knew, that the importance to them of my destruction was such as they could not fail to reflect upon.

Under this consideration, and with a view to what is to follow, I will now print every document hitherto unpublished that I have about me connected with my treatment in this Gaol.

With reference to the documents published in No. 12, of this volume, relating to the death of James Dare, I requested an interview with a Visiting Magistrate, the day after the inquest was held, but none came near me for five days, on a plea of absence from the Gaol. On the fifth day Mr. Wollaston came. My business with him was to ask for

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official copies of minutes connected with the inquest on Dare: and to ascertain further from him, magisterially, whether the Rules and Regulations of the Gaol, made in 1810, were then in force; or whether they had been authoritatively superseded. The Gaoler had refused to answer me on this last question. In the course of a few words with Mr. Wollaston, the Chaplain being present, the subject of the following letter arose.

TO C. B. WOLLASTON, ESQ. DORCHESTER.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, August 23, 1823.

THE force of one of your observations to me this morning, was not felt by me at the moment, in the manner in which you meant it to be. You expressed a hope that the conversation of the Chaplain was profitable to me. The conversation of the Chaplain is at all times agreeable to me, and I have been uniformly impressed with the conviction that he is a moral, well disposed man; but, if your observation was intended to convey your opinion, *that my opinions on certain matters were erroneous*, I beg leave to inform you, that the Chaplain of the Gaol does not offer to shew me that they are so; and I further beg leave to inform you, that my present conviction is, that I am not in error as to those opinions which have caused my fifty months close imprisonment; and that no living being can successfully oppose me in them.

I am open to the instruction or examination of any man, either clergyman or layman, who may think he can shew me to be in error, and have respectfully invited the clergymen of this country to try their powers with me.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

I received no answer to this letter, nor did I look for any. The next was a note to the Gaoler on the following day: of which a farther explanation has been made in the letter to Mr. Galpin.

TO MR. R. W. ANDREWS, KEEPER OF DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, August 24, 1823.

LAST evening I received a letter from Mr. ———, of London, who lately visited me. He informs me, that on leaving the Gaol, at his last visit, you offered him conversation, and, amongst other things, said to him, that I was the advocate of "shocking princi-



ples." I beg leave to say, in answer to this, that if you have a prisoner in your keeping, who is, to your knowledge, the advocate of "shocking principles," and you do not endeavour to convince him of error by other means than brute coercion, you are totally and morally unfit for the office which you fill.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

Before I proceed to any thing of later date, I will narrate two subjects, which I have previously overlooked, indicative of inhuman disposition in the authorities of this Gaol.

On the first of September last past, by an Act of the Parliament, it became law, that no prisoners in this country should be kept in irons, unless as the consequence of improper conduct under confinement. It will have been seen by a letter to Mr. Peel, printed in my first address to you, that the law was defied in this Gaol, and the irons of the prisoners were not removed until the 25th of October. The prisoners were aware of the illegality of their being in irons, and became clamorous about it: a day or two before the 25th October, one of them managed to make my sister hear the following words: "I wish we had some good London friend that would have it put in the newspapers, that we are kept in irons: we know it is against law, and I would not mind paying for the advertisement." My sister related what she heard, and the irons were immediately removed.

The second subject relates to the water-closet in my room, about which so much has been said.

The practice was to come and lock the door of this closet at nine at night and to unlock it at eight or nine in the morning. When I was alone, the practice was amusement to me; and I recollect well, saying to the Gaoler, soon after I came to the Gaol, that it was the only thing that surpassed my understanding. He stated, as a reason, that the inner wall of the closet was not so many bricks in thickness as the regular wall of the building. The water closet may be supposed to be partly made out of a thick brick wall. But no one would have known this, had it not been pointed out by the locking of the door: and nothing more easy to a man of

any skill than to remove the lock. I said no more on this subject, until Mrs. Carlile had been in the Gaol eight months. Knowing, that she had become pregnant, knowing that her general sufferings in that state were sickness at the stomach and diarrhœa; and, this being the fifth child, experience had taught us that she suffered more or less according as she was inactive or exposed to exercise, we dreaded the prospect of the continuing to lock the water-closet door, with the certainty of close confinement and compulsory inaction. At the October visit of the Magistrates, in 1821, I opened the subject in as delicate a way as I could, whilst Mrs. Carlile was before them, stating, that when alone, I thought nothing of it; but that circumstances had changed, which made it a very painful matter to be continued. To the best of my recollection there were present, the Rev. Mr. Colson, Mr. Pitt, Dr. England, and the Gaoler. Mr. Colson, from a species of impulsive humanity, which I do believe is inherent in him, immediately replied. "To be sure, I can see no objection to the leaving of the door unlocked." The others tittered and laughed, saying, they would go below and talk about it. This was of a Saturday: no answer was given, and the door locked as usual. On the Monday evening, I could not be satisfied of the possibility of refusing such a request, and I asked Thomas Bunn, the turnkey, whether he had received any order as to that matter. He replied, that the Gaoler, in his coarse offensive way, had told him to say, that *if Mrs. Carlile wanted any further accomodation that way, she must buy a close-stool pan.* The wantonness of this outrage on our feelings, and not only on our feelings, but on the health of Mrs. Carlile; for it is known to the matron and even to the surgeon, that Mrs. C. suffered dreadfully, as had been anticipated, that we had frequently to beg the matron to violate her duty and not to lock the door, which she sometimes would and sometimes feared to do; the wantonness of this outrage cannot be seen, until it is stated, that up to the time of Mrs. Carlile's delivery, the door was locked; whether she was in bed at nine at night, or not out of bed at eight in the morning, the male turnkeys



had to pass her in open bed; this was often done up to the time of her delivery; but since then, without any alteration in the walls or any thing else, precisely from the day of her delivery *the water closet door has never been locked!* I leave the reader to comment.

As well as the removal of irons, the new law, as to Gaols, requires that the Gaoler shall visit every prisoner, every day, when he is attending his ordinary duties in the Gaol. Their worships of Dorset have said that twice a week must satisfy the law: so here we have a visit from the Chaplain, Surgeon, and the Gaoler twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday. Knowing that such a regulation was intended to guard against abuses by the Gaoler, and that the object was to let the Chaplain and Surgeon see that each prisoner had no complaint, I renewed my complaints to the Surgeon. Time after time, I have asked him, as the medical attendant of this Gaol in whose care the health of every prisoner was placed, whether he could say the treatment, the close confinement I was receiving was proper. He would be kind and communicative upon every other subject, but upon this, which was his peculiar subject, his duty, his particular and serious concernment, not one word would he say in answer. In the course of the first six or seven weeks of such visits, I brought up the matter to him in a regular and official manner; but, to his shame, he always stood like a block to hear all I had to say and to say nothing in answer. At the close of October, I pressed the matter seriously upon him, told him that it was the last time I should so do it, and asked him to give me something like an answer. This he refused to do—said he considered himself as much bound to obey the orders of the authorities of the Gaol as a common soldier was bound to obey his commanding officer. Roused by so disgraceful an observation from a medical man upon a professional matter, I told him, without ceremony or preface, that he was *a disgrace to his profession*. He received my assertion with an apathetic countenance, which seemed to say: *I must plead guilty to the accusation*. Having gone

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thus far, I began to picture his conduct in another light, by telling him, that combined with the dispositions of the Gaoler and Visiting Magistrates towards me, he stood to my view but as one of a gang of assassins; because, it was his office and duty to see that every prisoner had the means of preserving his health. In answer to this he said, that he would not allow any person to teach him his duty; though he had just before observed, that he felt bound to obey the orders of the authorities of the Gaol. A desultory discussion went on, in which I stated my determination to use force to remove the barriers that separated me from the open air in the day time, after I had ineffectually made one more respectful application for redress to all those who had influence over me; and that I would, as far as I could, destroy personal opposition to that object, if such opposition was offered. I have stated in my letter to Mr. Pitt, that it was to the Gaoler, that I said I would not go alone, if I was to be destroyed; but, though the Gaoler was present and mixed up in the different observations made, in point of truth, the whole of my appeal and assertion was made in a conversation with the surgeon. I looked at the Gaoler as a contemptible thing, beneath my notice, and completely the tool of others; but I looked at the surgeon in a very different light, at least, with an impression that he ought to be a different kind of man. It is necessary that I conclude this paragraph with the name of the surgeon—Christopher Arden, of Dorchester.

The Chaplain, Mr. Wood, was present but took no part in the conversation until the Gaoler and Surgeon had left, when he expressed his sorrow that matters were beginning to wear so serious an aspect, and wished that it was in his power to pacify and make them more agreeable. I thanked him, assured him of my respectful feeling towards him, and observed, that it only wanted something more of his disposition in the Gaol to make every thing pleasant. Nothing was heard by me in answer to what had been said to Surgeon and Gaoler, and a few days after, I addressed the following note to the Chaplain.



TO THE REVEREND MR. WOOD.

SIR, Dorchester Gaol, Oct. 29, 1823.  
I HAVE heard many things said in praise of Mr. Colson, the Visiting Magistrate, though I never received an instance of personal kindness from him. I should be very glad to see you and him walk into my room, or to have conversation with him in any other place. I have thought it right to make a full and respectful application for free access to the open air in the day time before I try any other means. I know it is that which I am legally and justly entitled to: but I am not a *man of war* where I can do things peaceably. If a Visiting Magistrate or the Gaoler can show me any one fair reason why I am thus treated, I will submit to it, if not—not.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

R. CARLILE.

P. S. I beg pardon for troubling you with this: but your profession is that of a mediator which gives me some excuse.

On this application, as well as in every other to the Chaplain, I have received the most kind and even paternal attention: he gave my note to Mr. Colson; but circumstances were alleged as an excuse for his not coming to me at that time. A final application was then made to the Visiting Magistrates in the following words:—

TO THE VISITING MAGISTRATES OF DORCHESTER  
GAOL.

GENTLEMEN, Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 1, 1823.  
THE ill effects which I feel coming upon me from so close a confinement urge me to make one more and the last application for free access to the open air in the day time, and, an appointment of some spot for me to walk upon, on which I can take an exercise necessary to the recovery and preservation of my health.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD CARLILE.

No answer was given to this, but the Under Sheriff was brought on November the 10th to say something upon the subject, or rather, I think, to hear my determination about no further submission to such treatment. He came, sat

down, conversed, heard all I had to say, said nothing about changing my treatment, but advised me to make application for a removal from the Gaol. I told him that this could not be done upon any legal principle, though it might be done by a species of compromise on the part of the Ministers and Judges, or to have me brought to London by writ of Habeas Corpus without any application to be again remanded to Dorchester Gaol. I also told him, that if I were to be kept a prisoner in Dorchester Gaol, I was entitled to decent treatment, which was a thing I had never yet found in it. He was all reservation in his observations as to my treatment, and, like the surgeon, seemed to say, *we are under orders*: but promised to look round and see if any thing could be done.

My next step was to send an affidavit to the Court of King's Bench, which has been printed, and also a letter to Mr. Peel in which I stated, after reminding him that he had a month before promised Mr. Pitt that my sister should be immediately liberated, and that she had been kept in a most painful suspense through that promise, that *unless my treatment was changed in the Gaol, I must make war*.

The Reverend Mr. Colson, the Visiting Magistrate, came to me in the morning of Nov. 15, with the Chaplain, and said, he would endeavour to obtain me free access to the open air, acknowledging that, though he and his brother Magistrates had a line of duty to follow, he could see nothing unreasonable in my claim. In the afternoon, the Gaoler brought me the following order, which, by the dates, may be seen to have been near a fortnight after the visit of the Under Sheriff.

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 15, 1823.

MR. PARR the Under Sheriff having suggested:—  
That Richard Carlile's room door shall remain unlocked for three hours every day, either from nine in the morning till twelve at noon, or from one till four in the afternoon, at his option, during which period of time he may use his pleasure in walking in the garden or returning to his room, as he may think fit, but that an officer of the prison may be in attendance the whole of that time to observe his conduct, as before directed.



This order was a mere shuffle and variation of that which previously existed: it extended the time one hour; but the principle of the thing, the putting a man as a sentinel at my door to see if I walked out, and to follow me when out, was more offensive than before and a species of fuss that I could not brook, so I returned the following note:—

**SIR,** **Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 15, 1823.**

I ask free access to the open air in the day time, and I promise that I will not abuse that liberty nor do any thing that shall be matter of complaint in the Gaol.

RICHARD CARLILE.

The next matter for consideration is my letter to Mr. Pitt, published in No. 19, of this volume. The date of that letter will be seen to be Nov. 8, or a week before any disposition was shewn to make any kind of change in my treatment. I wrote it under very acute feelings, under a sense of a series of injuries, and with a resolution to make it cut at every sentence. Nothing that I have ever written has produced more sensation. All the sons of corruption in your county are exasperated to madness. It has brought handcuffs on my hands for three hours: but that gave me no pain, when I reflected that the cause of such an outrage had been an exposure of villainy. It has caused me to be deprived of saucepans, brushes, fire-irons, knives and forks, penknives,

scissors, razors, and candle-snuffers: but, though I sustain much inconvenience from the want of those things, I rejoice when I contemplate the cause of the treatment, and feel that it is meritorious. The little shifts to which I am put serve to refresh my memory as to the terror which I have instilled into the bosoms of a host of little villains, and my very want of useful articles becomes a source of joke and merriment which I could not have otherwise enjoyed.

Many of my friends were alarmed at the appearance of my letter to Mr. Pitt, and dreaded its operation upon those who have me in their claws. Many have received impressions from it which I did not mean to convey; and, I now see, that I have given the thing a wrong appearance, as a printed letter, in sending it forth without the explanation, as to what passed between me and the surgeon in October. I knew well, that Mr. Pitt was informed of what I had said to the surgeon; but I had overlooked the impression on those who were not so informed. I will therefore analyze the life and death part of that letter.

Complaining of my treatment, I say: *The matter is now coming to a crisis—with me it is a matter of life and death.* I had previously stated to the surgeon, in a very calm manner, that my confinement was bringing some very bad complaints upon me, such as languor and muscular and nervous debility. In reading different accounts of the cause of apoplexy, I have found one to be a want of air and exercise: that an inactive body begins to decompose before death, after the same manner in which it is decomposed after death, and at a certain degree apoplexy is produced. I find many symptoms, such as I there found plainly laid down, as the consequence of inaction; and though, by exercise within my room, and by studiously suiting my diet to my situation, I guard my health with a sort of reverence, and practice no one excess of any kind, still, I grieve to say, that my frame yields to that excess of confinement which is imposed upon me, and my care, though useful, is not effectual. Therefore, I did not mean to be understood as saying, that, *I would*



*make it a matter of life and death; but that my persecutors had brought it to such a crisis in the treatment I have received from them, and which they persist in continuing upon me, that it was they who were making it a matter of life and death towards me.*

I stated to the Surgeon and Gaoler in October, that I would knock down the door and proceed to walk in the open air: that, if not molested in that effort, I would molest no one; but if molested, if forced back, then I would make it a matter of destruction. The Surgeon acknowledged that I was at least a fair enemy to deal with. I have never sought on that head any thing more than every prisoner in Dorchester Gaol besides myself has got, and I am still resolutely bent, after having made some preparation that I see to be necessary, to resist that order which makes me a chamber prisoner in the day time. I consider myself to be legally justified in what I purpose to do on that head. I have complained to every authority that I know to be connected with the Gaol, and those complaints have not been heeded: whilst an act of the last session of parliament says: "*Every prisoner shall have sufficient air and exercise.*" The question is—*what is sufficient air and exercise?* I say general admission to the open air in the day time is alone sufficient, and is the common law of Gaol management in this country, where the sentence is not solitary confinement. The 62d rule for the management of Dorchester Gaol says:

"Confinement to their own cells, with permission to walk in some court yard, singly, (the proportion of time allowed to each being consequently governed by the number of prisoners so confined) is the degree of solitary confinement the most severe in the ordinary discipline of the prison."

Here then, I say, that my treatment has been *more severe* than this *most severe discipline* ordered to be practised in Dorchester Gaol by Judges Wood and Bailey; and that throughout a period of four years. Had I embraced every opportunity offered to me to walk, my treatment would have been more severe than this most severe discipline. Robert

Wedderburn's treatment was more severe than this most severe treatment. Many a day he was never asked to walk or told that he might walk : and neither of us was sentenced to solitary confinement. The fact is, that the letting us out of our cells to walk in the open air, having been a matter left entirely to those turnkeys who have so many other things to do, and who are so ill paid for what they do, that they have, whenever they could make an excuse, neglected us altogether; and that very often. It has been just as painful a task to them to come and walk us out, as to us to have to go in and out at their bidding.

As to the doctrine of slaying tyrants, I do seriously hold it to be as important a principle, a doctrine, as any ever promulgated by man. I am fully sensible, with D. R. of Middlesex, that all general and all individual reformation must be the result of sober and slow instruction; but this doctrine of the destruction of tyrants, is a doctrine different from that of reformation, though an auxiliary in effect. It aids the mild process of instruction, by inflicting upon those who spurn at all improvement a salutary terror. The only question for consideration is—*who and what is a tyrant?* And here I would not have it supposed that I look upon my Gaoler and Visiting Magistrates to be tyrants. I know, that, though they are disposed to tyrannize in their degree, they are but the tools of more powerful tyrants. I know, that a word from a Judge or a Minister would make them change their whole conduct towards me, therefore I do not hold a dependent tyrant, or a tyrant's tool, to be an object for destruction as a tyrant. I should only resist them, as I would resist and destroy a highway robber who challenged me to deliver money or to receive death. But, a real tyrant, one independent of all other human power, one who continued to use his power for my oppression, I would lay in wait for and destroy, as I would destroy any other wild beast that would prey upon a human body. D. R. has asked me to recant this principle; but I do not feel disposed to go a step backward beyond the explanation here given.



A real tyrant is not to be kept in awe by any other fear than a knowledge that the arm of the weakest man can destroy him. All tyrants are cowards towards death: he who really has resolution to brave death is not found to be a tyrant: he is a cool, philosophical philanthropist. He is not a fool; for he does more good by his death than he could have done living.

You cannot instruct a tyrant by any other process than that of terror: the only process is first to teach him that he is a coward, and that his life is in danger. If this can be done by any means short of destroying some of his fellows, let it so be done. No man can have a greater antipathy to bloodshed than myself—no man more sympathizes with animal pain; but, I do not lose sight of that mass of pain which a tyrant generates. I consider the pang of a negro slave to be as serious a matter for sympathy as the dying pang of his oppressor; and if I could not stay his disposition to torment his slaves, then I would advise the slave to destroy the oppressor.

Witness the consequence in Spain of suffering Ferdinand to live—see what forbearance with a tyrant means. Behold the brave and virtuous, the virtuous and brave Riego on a gallows; and the unfeeling king delighted with the sight! Ferdinand had been tried more than once. Every one could say what he would do, when he again obtained absolute power; then why, for what reason, suffer him to have lived, with the moral certainty of being restored to ultimate absolute power. The destruction of Ferdinand would, at least, have been a lesson to the succeeding king, even if he had been put into absolute power. See the putting to deaths—see the dungeonings—see the distraction of families—see the dreadful amount of human misery now generated and being generated in Spain! And, are we to be told, that, the whole of this had better to be borne with, than that a king, a tyrant king, should be destroyed? Where is the man calling himself moral and humane who will stand forth and say: I rejoice that Ferdinand has not

been destroyed? Where is the man who will say: I had rather Ferdinand should destroy one half of the people of Spain, than that the principles of Reformers should be sullied with his death? If there be such a man among those who call themselves Reformers, let him stand forth and overthrow all our present notions of morality and humanity. I confess that I wish that the Cortes or the people of Spain had sent an ultimatum to the Bourbons of France, to say, that as the object of the invasion was avowedly to set up Ferdinand with absolute power, the first soldier, known in Madrid to have crossed the Spanish soil from France, should bring with him the death-warrant of the tyrant whom he came to rescue from wholesome restraint.

**MAY THE DEATH OF RIEGO BE CONSIDERED, AS IT OUGHT TO BE CONSIDERED, THE WARRANT TO DESTROY EVERY DETHRONED KING!**

As respect is demanded for the memory of Riego, be it this, and may this be every freeman's pledge, and the pledge of him who desires freedom!

To set aside all idea of rashness, I will explain this sentiment, by saying, that upon the appearance of all present probabilities, no future dethronement of a king will take place until he has proved himself a villain. All chances of competition for a crown seem to have subsided in Europe, the question is not *who shall wear it; but, shall such a bauble be kept as a nation's plaything?* Shall such a NATIONAL FOOL'S CAP exist for ever as the fountain of national folly, national misery, and national degradation? I say, No. Who says, YES?

Having said enough in explanation of the tyrannical part of my letter to Mr. Pitt, I will now delineate the outrage which it brought upon me. This brings me down to Monday, Nov. 24. The first thing I heard on this day was, that a friend, who has often visited me, was turned back when he came to the gate at nine in the morning. The Chaplain, who brought me this information at three in the afternoon, brought with him Mr. Colson the Visiting Ma-



gistrate, and I was informed, that the sole object of their visit was to have some suggestions made as to what and where I considered a proper place to be allowed to walk out upon in the day time: as the Sheriff or under Sheriff had promised to come in a day or two for the express purpose of setting that matter at rest. I told Mr. Colson, that I did not expect an acre of ground within the walls of a Gaol, and if they wished to keep me, as I wished to be kept apart from the other prisoners, I should feel content with the smallest court yard in the place. He commended the reasonableness of my expectation, and assured me that the Sheriff was coming to satisfy it.

On Tuesday the 25th, I saw the Sheriff going round the Gaol and noticing different places with Mr. Pitt and others, and felt quite satisfied that the object in view was my benefit. Not many minutes after, or soon after two o'clock, the Gaoler introduced the Sheriff, *Henry Charles Sturt*, and after something like a long and civil conversation which passed between us in August. I thought of nothing but benefit from his visit, though he had turned a deaf ear to all former complaints or requests. In fact, I was wholly put off my guard by the Chaplain and Mr. Colson, for within five minutes of the Sheriffs being in my room, he ordered the turnkeys to put irons upon me, and I found, that they came prepared for that purpose. By way of avoiding repetition, I will introduce here a correspondence that followed with Mrs. Carlile, and add to it subsequently. On the day on which this outrage happened, there was a prisoner, a smuggler, by the name of William Waters, to be removed to London, by writ of Habeas Corpus. This man was kept until the Tuesday evening, and sent off to London with the intelligence that I was in a state of madness, as the following letter will exhibit. It will be also seen that the news of my being ironed, with this excuse of madness for it; reached Mrs. Carlile on Thursday morning, or on Wednesday for what I at present know. I have not a doubt, but that there was some deep laid villainous scheme, which

I frustrated by my calmness, and presence of mind, to wait for its unfolding. The Sheriff entered my room with papers which, when he took away, he called his authority. In manners and appearance, he is a mere boy, a strutting puppy, an ignorant aristocrat: he is also the nephew of the Earl of Shaftsbury, which Earl is the King of Dorset; but more particularly of Dorchester. It will be seen by referring to last week's papers, that this Earl, who may be said to be a minister, from his connection with the Ministers, his being Chairman of all the Committees in the House of Lords, always a King's Commissioner in the Parliament for opening, proroguing, passing bills, &c., posted down from London to his seat in Dorset, at St. Giles's, a few days before this outrage was committed, and I have scarcely a doubt, after reading a letter, which I shall print, from a friend in that neighbourhood, but that he came down to set his nephew, Sturt, to make this assault upon me. The excuse was, the tyrannical part of my letter to Pitt but I have heard from two quarters, that all other feelings were absorbed in venom for my exposure of the cause of the murders in the Milbank Penitentiary. Almost the first words spoken to me by the Sheriff. After the ceremony of *how d'ye do*, were: "*You would have been liberated long ago, Carlile, if you had submitted.*" "*Submit to what?*" was my reply: to which he added nothing: but began to shew choler. The following letters will unfold a great deal of what passed, and all of any consequence.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

DEAR SIR,

London, Nov. 29, 1823.

I AM requested by Mrs. Carlile to write this, in consequence of the report here, that you are more closely confined, and *hand-cuffed*. Mrs. C. is quite alarmed about it, and wishes to hear from you the particulars as soon as possible.

We hear that a smuggler has been brought from the Gaol to receive sentence in London; and, he says, that on the Tuesday afternoon that he left at night, the Sheriff and Magis-



trates entered your room, and finally had you put in irons, handcuffs, &c. &c., as you was in a state of madness." The person you mentioned would call upon Mrs. C., has not done so yet, and this makes us fear something may have taken place more than usual. Do let us know without delay, all particulars, if it be by a post letter.

I hope Boyle will not be prevented from seeing you.

Yours,

W. CAMPION.

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TO MRS. CARLILE, 84, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

DEAR JANE,

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 28, 1823.

I HAVE received Champion's letter this morning, and am sorry to hear, that you have been alarmed by an aggravated report of what happened in this Gaol on Tuesday. It was my wish to keep you ignorant of it, until I could so make a statement as to prevent alarm; and, with this view, I sent you a parcel on Tuesday evening, after every thing openly foul appeared to have passed, without noticing it; concluding, that the receipt of such a communication would counteract any evil or alarm that you might receive from flying reports. But, as this has not been so effectual as I had hoped, I will narrate what has happened.

My last, written on Tuesday morning, communicated, that a Visiting Magistrate, with the Chaplain, had been with me on the Monday, and that they had been the harbingers of an agreeable change in my treatment; promising me free access to the open air in the day-time; adding, that either the High or the Under-Sheriff would come purposely to the Gaol, in a day or two, to make arrangements to that effect. The Reverend Mr. Colson was the Magistrate, and nothing appeared but the most kindly feeling and the most civil conversation. On leaving, I thanked him for his communication; he acknowledged that all I asked was quite proper and reasonable, but added, "You know, Mr. Carlile, I am but one; I will suggest a new arrangement to my brother

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Magistrates, which I have no doubt will have their sanction and that of the Sheriff." My parting words were: "Sir, I thank you, and if you improve my condition in the Gaol, you will find me grateful." This communication, so unlike every thing I have before received, gave me new life, and, as you have seen by my Tuesday's letter, I began to form notions of future comfort and renewed health, even so as to point out to you an arrangement for always having one of the children with or near me.

On Tuesday, the 25th instant, as I was making up a parcel for you, or had just finished all the documents for that purpose, the Gaoler introduced the High-Sheriff, Mr. Sturt, whom I received with all the hopes Mr. Colson had instilled into my mind. The High-Sheriff politely asked, "How do you do, Mr. Carlile, I hope you are in good health." My answer was; "Not in good health, Sir, but as well as my confinement will allow me to be." He drew a chair, sat down; the Gaoler sat himself down on the sofa bedstead; I sat down at the opposite end of the table to the Sheriff, expecting an end would be put to every thing unpleasant and improper in the Gaol, as far as it related to my treatment.

The Sheriff began to remonstrate about what I had been saying in and saying out of the Gaol as to my treatment, and declared that the authorities of the Gaol had done every thing that they ought to have done. He grew warm as he proceeded, expressed offence at every observation I made to him, and soon made me sensible by his hauteur and half sentences, that I had miscalculated the nature of his visit. This warning, roused not anger in me, but a determination to prepare, by calmness on my part, for a storm. I was thoroughly cool and collected: he, after proceeding gradually to his object, drew a paper from his pocket, in which was contained an extract from my letter to Mr. Pitt: and after asking me whether I considered my life in danger from the treatment I was receiving, as there set forth, and whether I would act upon the threat there made, as a consequence of that treatment. I replied in the affirmative;



that such was my resolution. Here I saw the arrangement that had been made. The Sheriff nodded to the Gaoler, saying, "Call them in." The two Turnkeys entered.

Sheriff to Turnkeys, "Secure Mr. Carlile, put handcuffs on him."

The Turnkey, Thomas Bunn, did it, and I did not even remonstrate, beyond saying, "I shall not resist, as I see your object, and know you cannot keep me long in irons"—considering that the object was to irritate and urge me unguardedly to some act of violence, when, I have no doubt, but the Gaoler was prepared to destroy me.

I never moved from my chair, but sat quite unruffled. The order was given to search the room. The Gaoler now got into his element and every thing was ransacked. I need not tell you, that nothing was found but what every prisoner might be supposed to have about him, and there was evident disappointment, even to confusion. I sat calmly, expressing my satisfaction at what they were doing, and continually hinting to the Gaoler, that my conduct, under that treatment was a proof that it was the villain alone that trembled to have his designs investigated. Saucepans, even down to the pint coffee boiler, frying pan, candle snuffers, hearth-brush, tin oven, footman, fire irons, pen-knives, table knives and forks, and dumb bells, razors, every thing, even the most frivolous, was taken away, and, as I pointed out to them, as a proof of their purposes, the heavy but small iron fender, and other chained fire irons, which I could, as I shewed the Gaoler, easily remove, if so inclined, were left, and in fact the fender constituted the only really offensive weapon in the room. After all this was done, which occupied three hours, my handcuffs were removed; and, what has since happened openly, which I cannot relate on this sheet, has been to me perfect merriment, as it has been on the part of the authorities of the Gaol quite ludicrous. The particulars you shall see in a week.

Boyle found no difficulty to see me beyond being rudely searched by the Gaoler. He is now with me, and as a mat-

ter of evidence of many things likely to pass, I shall keep him another week.

Be composed. You know me.

Yours affectionately,

RICHARD CARLILE.

In addition to the information given to Mrs. Carlile, I can only extend the minutiae of the matter. The Sheriff remained in the room whilst the bulk of the articles in it were ransacked. Before he began his game, I asked him to allow me to send off a parcel to Mrs. Carlile, as that was the only thing that concerned me at the moment, having made ready for the mail at three o'clock for that purpose. This was refused: saying, "*we will consider of that by and by.*" After the irons were on my hands, he wanted to talk to me; but I treated him with contempt: and when he put a question as to where was my sister, I said, *I shall give you no answer.* He then took himself off, and left the Gaoler to finish the job of searching; but not before he had said. "You will have your liberty, Carlile, when this matter is all over." What he meant I did not ask him, nor did I understand. The active persons in this affair were the High Sheriff Sturt, the Gaoler, Andrews, the two turnkeys Robert Gaulton and Thomas Bunn: to the whole of whom I promise imprisonment for an assault and robbery on some future day. The Gaoler was in his element, quite delighted, and when I say, that the whole time of my being ironed was three hours, that the Gaoler spent the first and last in my room, and that in the intervening hour he went into the town of Dorchester and buried his mother, I can say nothing in addition to depict the man. He was driving about my room enjoying what was going on, and I cutting him with all the reproach he merited, repeatedly telling him, that it was the villain who alone trembled to have his conduct ransacked.

The Sheriff came back once and said to the Gaoler: Mr. Carlile can have those things back again when his conduct settles, or words to that effect. I put in a word, saying: My



conduct will be the same hereafter as it has always been hitherto. I saw no more of the Sheriff.

The articles taken away from me were the following, which I charged upon the Sheriff and his officers as a robbery; for he did not tell me that he had a writ to make another seizure for my fines, though it is very likely that his authority was some such thing. One eight quart tin saucepan with cover, one two quart tin saucepan with cover, one pint tin saucepan, one two quart tin Coffee Boiler, one frying-pan, one tin Dutch oven, one iron footman (two brushes the property of the Gaol.) The tea-kettle was overlooked, or, I rather think, one of the turnkeys put it in a corner for me, as it was seized and removed from its place. There was also a consultation on the propriety of removing a set of shoe brushes; but, it was decided, that they should be left! Candle-snuffers were seized, and I sent the stand after them when the Gaoler told me to use my fingers as snuffers. Two brass candlesticks, more offensive weapons, were left. Fire-irons were taken away, and a most deadly weapon, an iron-fender was left. In addition, the whole of my offensive weapons consisted of two table knives and forks, two pen-knives, two pair of small scissors, three cases of razors (not the Sheffield case) a pair of dumb-bells, and all curtains were unhung to remove the wire rods; large nails were drawn, and the Gaoler was going off with the last of his booty, after searching my person, when I told him that it required a large mouth to chew a quartern loaf all at once, and I wished to know how I was to divide it. Oh! says he, yours is a quartern loaf, well the man must bring a knife and cut you off a piece when you want it. I told him I would rather break it.

All this was fun for me, as far as my own feeling was concerned, and the amusement, the excitement has really done me good, as I was rather languid for want of a change before.

Determined to make the fellows look like the greatest fools possible, the next morning I set to work and got a bill of fare for the turnkey: beef-steaks, onions, pepper, mustard,

potatoes, raisins, flour, suet and eggs. Bring me those things, and bring them uncooked. Yes, Sir, I had been living on bread and water from the time that my sister was removed from me; but I wanted to try whether Mr. Gaoler would refuse me the means of cooking. At twelve o'clock the turnkey brought me all the articles ordered, with the newspapers and letters as usual. The Chaplain came up to pump a bit, as to what I was going to do, and recommended a light wire gridiron to dress my steak. No, said I the Gaoler shall send me cooking utensils again. This message I sent him. Deliberation ensued; but John Tapp, the Clerk, and Robert Gaulton, the turnkey, were ordered to bring the frying-pan and to stand guard at the door whilst I was using it. Nothing was said about knife and fork. I told them that I must have all the saucepans, as I was about to make a plum pudding and boil some potatoes, and to live like a gentleman, with half a dozen meals a day hereafter: at least, so long as this game lasted. My saucepan from laying by unused had got rusty and leaked—one of my guards was sent to get it mended, whilst the other watched the frying-pan! Nothing was yet said about knife and fork. I set about making a plum-pudding, my suet chopped with an ivory paper folder and cutter, and the ingredients I had to mix on a plate. But after all there was no pudding cloth, and I had no claim upon the Goaler for having removed such an offensive weapon! This was a matter not easily to be surmounted, and I had no alternative but to use a shirt or a night cap. The night cap had the preference; and no one would have objected to eat a piece of my pudding! This process of cooking occupied three hours, during which, I had the two guards in attendance. Had I not been more afraid of gormandizing than of any thing else, I would have kept them the whole twenty-four hours. The same game has been continued every day up to the 2d of December, and bids fair to go on. To me it is amusement, particularly as I am not to be annoyed about a mere concernment of the belly.



Having sent the Gaoler a message by his clerk, John Tapp, that snuffing the candle and washing my fingers filled up my time, and put me to additional expence both for soap and candle, which I should charge on him as damage, he sent me a pair of the commonest japan snuffers, with the point cut off and filed blunt. By way of shewing him what a fool he was, I sent him the following letter, and a couple of long pointed strong iron hinges that came into my possession by burning a chest after the search was made. With very little labour I could have converted them to a couple of complete daggers.

TO MR. ROBERT WILLIAMS ANDREWS, KEEPER OF  
DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, Nov. 28, 1823.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of a pair of two-penny japanned snuffers blunted, or I should say, *undaggered* at the point, in answer to my request for a pair of wooden ones, for which I thank you, as they will save me something by the week in soap and candles, as well as in time and eye-sight.

I beg leave to inform you, that I have some *strong pins* and *nails* about the room, which escaped your joyful search on Tuesday, and which may be converted to more dangerous weapons than a pair of candle-snuffers, or a pint saucepan, or a hearth-brush, or even my little pen-knife. But, to express my gratitude for your kind keeping, and your truly manly conduct, I desire to surprise you with a present of two real and formidable daggers, which have been given to me since your search for, and removal of the pint tin saucepan and hearth-brush as offensive weapons, whilst an iron-fender, a poker and fire-pan were left.

I hope, that the possession of these daggers will not bring upon me a charge of magic, witchcraft, or dealing with the devil; for however worthless or hopeless my life may be, I have no taste for a Christian burning: I will therefore narrate the simple accident which brought them to me, in perfect dagger shape and form with the exception, that, this evening, on seeing your pretence of fear as to the snuffers, and resolving to make you a present of them,

I rubbed them to something like sharpness, to let you see that I could do it and what a dangerous man I am.

You will scarcely believe me, when I tell you, that on Tuesday evening, when you chained my fire shovel, and I could neither make the *shovel reach the coals, nor the coals the shovel*, I was under the necessity of making a fire with the cover of a chest, when, to my great astonishment, *two daggers came out of the fire like two salamanders*: or two large and strong iron hinges in perfect dagger form.

Well! methought, some old women would say, these are sent by *providence* as defensive weapons after what has happened: and others, that the *Devil* had sent them as a matter of temptation: but, as I do not believe in any providence beyond a man's own skill, and, as I have resolved in my manhood, to fulfil the pledge of my Godfathers and Godmothers, that I will continue to renounce the Devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, I resolved on the receipt of the snuffers, to resist his temptation, and to give you a specimen of my malice, and of the dangerous character you have to deal with, by sending you these *Devilish weapons* when I might have concealed them. You will see, that they are, or may be easily made more formidable, either for offence or defence, than any thing you found in my room; and, I think, after this, you may satisfactorily return me the trifles removed, even to the razors, as my beard is now neither handsome nor comfortable, neither smooth nor flowing.

Malice towards you I have none, nor have I ever had any; but I must be candid enough to say, that *my opinions of your actions are just the same as your actions towards me for my opinions*: a sentiment which you can not misconstrue, after what has been said, unsaid, repeated, sung, and printed. I will offer you my hand as a pledge of what I here say, and proceed to mutual explanation of all fears and grievances; for I verily think, the greatest amount is on my side, combined with the smallest amount of malice or bad feeling.

As to what has been said of my threats they resolve themselves to this: if a man or a body of men *go about wantonly* to deprive me of life, the law, of this country and every moral law, would make a homicide on my part justifiable, my disposition is placed at



the very antipodes of assassination. I have never positively imputed to you any directing share of my past treatment, therefore, I have made no individual threats, or none personally applicable, you can best judge how far you are connected with it, for certain it is, that *under your keeping I have had some most foul treatment.*

Your prisoner,

RICHARD CARLILE.

The Sunday morning, the turnkey came with my razors in his pocket, to know if I would shave. I gave him for answer, that I would shave when my razors were returned, but that I never shaved out of respect for Sunday more than for any other day. The razors were not left, so my beard is in a state of qualification for admission to Mahomet's Paradise.

On the Saturday, I wrote the following burlesque petition on the behalf of the sauce-pans and hand brush.

TO HENRY CHARLES STURT, ESQUIRE, HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTY OF DORCHESTER; TO WILLIAM ENGLAND, DOCTOR IN DIVINITY; TO WILLIAM MORTON PITT, ESQUIRE; TO CHARLES BYAM WOLLASTON, ESQUIRE; AND TO ALL OTHERS, THEIR FELLOWS, JUSTICES OF THE SAME COUNTY,

THE humble and penitent petition of three black prisoners, and one hairy prisoner: to wit—Eight Quart Tin Saucepan with Cover, Two Quart Tin Saucepan with Cover, Pint Tin Saucepan without cover, and Hand Brush, now in solitary confinement, in the refractory cell of Dorchester Gaol,

SHEWETH,

THAT, the Fraternity of Saucepans have been always considered to rank among his Majesty's most unoffending, most pleasing, most useful subjects, and cannot but feel themselves to be unconstitutionally used, and blasphemously libelled, in being shut up in cold and solitary confinement, as dangerous subjects, at this dreary season, when their habits had always accustomed them to a good fire!

That, they feel a deeper wound, and a greater injury when they are informed, that their cousin the Teakettle has not been subject to the same imputation and durance vile; though he more often grows warm and makes more noise when warm, than your humble and penitent petitioners; and is often so dangerous as to threaten his Majesty's other lieges with scalding water on their legs.

That, their injuries seem aggravated at being informed, that another cousin, the Tin Coffee Boiler, who was put in a state of similar restraint with themselves, was released at the expiration of three days, which is the statute period of such confinement without the special order of the Visiting Magistrates, with further reasons assigned to the contrary, as the rotund figures of your humble and penitent petitioners induce them to consider themselves not so ugly and offensive as their sharp and long spouted cousins the Teakettle and Coffee Boiler.

That, they are sinking under the accumulating injuries, when they find the new statute for the regulation of Gaols so awfully defied, as not to have received the daily visit of the Gaoler, nor one visit from any one visiting justice during their punishment, and they humbly pray, that your Christian Worships and Reverences will mercifully consider this penitent and submitting appeal, and restore them to their fire sides and usual culinary comforts, that they may make preparation in time for to morrow's Sabbath, like contrite Christians and pardoned offenders seeking salvation.

And that the humble Hand Brush joins with his fellow prisoners the Saucepans in deploring his and their condition, penitently soliciting to be restored to his home and his hearth, and not to have his long hairs pressed down with sorrow to the grave.

And, as in duty bound, your humble and dejected prisoners, now sincerely repenting and rusting on sackcloth, ashes and no fires, will ever pray for the promotion and better living of your Worships and Reverences.

(Signed) On behalf of the whole, by

EIGHT QUART SAUCEPAN.

Refractory Cell, Dorchester Gaol,

November 29, 1823.



Monday, Dec. 1—I sent the following note to the Gaoler about the penknife.

TO MR. R. W. ANDREWS, KEEPER OF GAOL,  
DORCHESTER.

MR. GAOLER,

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 1, 1823.

I GET my living and support a large family by my pen. I am a pen-maker. My penknife is an indispensable tool in my business, and if I am deprived of that tool, I shall have to sue for damages to the rate of ten pounds a week.

Your injured and insulted Prisoner,

RICHARD CARLILE.

Tuesday, Dec. 2—John Tapp came with a penknife and said he was to stand whilst I mended a pen. I sent the Gaoler back word that I mended my pen every five minutes, and must have a penknife left. Thus it stands.

It happened rather singular that the first salute I received, after the outrage committed upon my person and goods for having written to Mr. Pitt, was a post letter, from a stranger with £6. expressing approbation at the contents of that letter. The following is the letter.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

Hants, November 19, 1823.

I HAVE great pleasure in handing you the enclosed Six Pounds, to be applied in the following manner: viz. for yourself £2., for Miss M. A. Carlile £1., for Humphrey Boyle £1., for Mrs. Wright £1., and £1. for William Tunbridge.

I have long observed with just indignation the horrible treatment your sister, and you, have experienced at the hands of Old Pitt and the rest of that pious crew who govern the Gaol of Dorchester. But, Mr. Carlile, when I read the account of Pitt's conduct at the Milbank Prison, in "The Morning Herald;" I must say, that I thought it fortunate he could not diet you, as he had dieted the people in the Penitentiary. This old fellow, I understand to be the friend of holy Wilberforce and Banks; Oh, these precious

Saints! I am glad to see that you have commented on the conduct of the old director of the Milbank Prison: for I do not find that it has been done by "the respectable press" at all.

I hope you will let me have a line by return of post to say that you have received the enclosed; and if you can obtain the acknowledgement of your sister to the same, I should be glad to have it too.

That you may live to see justice done to the people at large, yourself, and all those villains who, to lend God a hand, have contributed to your ruin as a tradesman, and the torturing of yourself and family and your worthy associates, is the sincere wish of, Sir,

Yours truly,

I answered this letter by the next day's post, explaining the outrage the letter to Pitt had brought upon me, and the second day's post brought the following. The gentlemen who wrote it knows all the parties mentioned.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

NOTHING ever afforded me greater pleasure than the receipt of your letter by this day's post. I mean the receipt of such a letter from such a man as yourself. As an honest man, I mean, and a man of unimpeachable veracity; for I have not forgotten, that on your trial you were surrounded by those who knew you best, who offered to swear that sooner than tell a lie you would, in their opinion, suffer any thing! Can your persecutors say this for themselves? If they can, nobody believes them; that is all. Could the Bishop of Clogher, Wilberforce, Banks, Sturt, Parsons Davis and Richman, Old Pitt, and the rest of the crew, find any one to say as much for them? But never did I feel greater indignation than I felt when reading your letter. What! The High Sheriff, Mr. H. C. Sturt, cause you to be put in irons for three hours for having freely, but justly, commented on the cold-blooded inhumanity of such a fellow as W. M. Pitt, the ex-codirector of that vile pestilential prison, the Milbank Penitentiary in which one hundred human beings were, it is said starved to death! Let Mr. Sturt read the



account of the conduct of the unfeeling old dotard in all the public papers of the metropolis; and then justify his conduct towards you if he can. I hope, Sir, you mean to expose in proper colours the conduct of the young tool of Banks, Shaftbury, and Co., for depend upon it, Mr. Carlile, there are men acting behind the scenes, by whom this Mr. H. C. Sturt is urged on to commit these unmanly, inhuman violences on your person. I have little doubt that the priests and other wretched influential creatures in the County of Dorset would rejoice to hear of your death in Gaol.

They would then, no doubt, attribute your death to the sentiments you hold and have so boldly promulgated; first, taking care to have it believed by the people that you had committed suicide. Depend upon it such creatures are capable of any act, however diabolical. I firmly believe, were not the fear of detection before their eyes, they would take your life in prison; and then say you had committed self-murder. I know what these villains are capable of doing: and I do not think that I have gone beyond the truth in what I have just said. But, Sir, from such a man as this Sturt, educated by a priest in this neighbourhood, and allied by blood and by marriage to the odious aristocracy of the land, what could you expect? From a man educated as he has been, and connected as he is, I do not think you have a right to expect any indulgence whatever: and therefore say you have to look forward to nothing at his hands but a repetition of injustice as toward yourself. Besides, in all such cases as yours we find these fellows have blamed the Gaoler; as at Ilchester. But here the Sheriff came in person and ordered the irons to be put on: recollect that indeed! If you read over the account of Mr. Hunt's treatment in the Gaol of Ilchester, you will perceive that the Gaoler was blamed for all that was there done. Though there is no one who now disbelieves that the Magistrates of Somerset were the real authors and abettors of that treatment. You see there was no one to defend Bridle in the Parliament; but Lethbridge who was always ready to lie through thick and thin in behalf of the justices. And so it would be in your case. The Gaoler would bear all the blame, and the Magistrates would be lauded to the skies for their piety and humanity. But, what can be expected from a set of fellows who unfeelingly transport poor men for merely looking at a hare or a pheasant, which is literally

the case in a great many instances. Besides the new law for transporting poachers originated with these kind hearted Gentlemen, the meek Christian Justices of Dorset; and by them that law was first put in force, remember that Mr. Carlile.

Do you mean to say that the villains took your property from your room? Because if so, I do say that they committed an act of barefaced robbery. However note down every thing that occurred, when they come to your room: the articles you were robbed of, and the names of the parties who assisted in the robbery. And though justice is not to be had now, and the time may not be far distant, when it may be to be had. When that day arrives we shall hear sham-patriots crying out moderation! moderation? But, let us look back at the fate of Ney and Riego; and let us remind them of the sort of moderation and justice we have experienced. Besides, true Christians can wish for nothing more than gospel justice, and we all know that to be "*an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,*" which of course, pious godly Christian people will never have the effontery to complain of.

I congratulate you on the release of your Sister and H. Boyle, and I was very much pleased with Mr. French's attack on the Unitarians. I hope you will be careful of your health, and ask your excuse for troubling you with this. I have carefully read "The Republican" for some years, and have always found you inculcating sound morals; and at the same time treating with a just severity all public robbers and vile hypocritical pretenders to religion. I hope, Sir, to see you still continue the same line of conduct, and then you will at any rate have the approval of all the honest unprejudiced part of the community. But, Sir, it always makes my blood boil when I look at your fate and then consider the fate of the Bishop of Clogher, Doctor Jephson and Dr. Cleeve; thinking at the same time of the hanging of Franklin and Co., at Lincoln. These facts have made an indelible impression on the minds of many persons; but on the mind of no one are they more deeply impressed than on that of your friend.

Inhabitants of Dorset—You have now a full and fair statement of the outrage committed upon me on Tuesday the 25th of November, and in some degree continued down to



this day. It was a villainous proceeding, and rendered still more so, by my having been told, from apparent authority, that the Sheriff was coming as a friend, at least, to remove restrictions. Had I been on my guard for his object, I would have been prepared to have convinced him of the difference between *legal power* and *wanton assault*. But this is a matter to be talked of another day, as I told the Gaoler when he was removing the handcuffs. I grant that the Sheriff had a right to enter and to search my room, and to remove any thing he found improper to be in the possession of a prisoner; but he had no right to put me in irons whilst he was doing it, unless I had resisted his power. I should have been proud, as I was proud of the search, and should have assisted him in it; because, I knew that the room contained nothing that I should blush to have discovered. But the articles which were removed for want of more offensive weapons exhibit the villainy of the disposition of the authorities of the Gaol towards me. What must be thought of removing a hand-brush, three saucepans, a pair of candle-snuffers, and three slight curtain rods? What must be thought of depriving me of a pair of nail scissors, and a very fine penknife as offensive weapons? To be sure, reports were previously made that *I was mad*; but it is the Gaoler and other authorities of the Gaol who are mad, brutishly mad, in consequence of the exposure I am making of them, and the moral superiority I am exhibiting over them. I hear from the Chaplain, that the old ladies of Dorchester are all terrified, and say to him: *Oh dear! Mr. Wood, I hope you don't go near Mr. Carlile now?*—He tells me that he smiles at their fears, and assures them that he is not afraid. No honest man has any need to be afraid of me: it is the villain only that I desire to make tremble.

My addresses to you have formed no small part of my renewed offence; and your anxiety to read them is considered an aggravation of my conduct; but this is the species of revenge I have always resolved on taking for the base treatment I have received in this Gaol. I will pay particular at-

tention to this county, and I invite you one and all to come and see me—magistrates, parsons, and all, I shall be glad to see, as I am sure that I can mend their knowledge if their manners are incurable. I have had a few visits from a few individuals belonging to the county, and their going out to report favourably of their interviews with, and impressions of me exasperates my Christian Gaoler and Christian Magistrates; and though they refused all applications for the first three years they begin to repent of having yielded in the fourth and are now assuming a forbidding aspect. But do not mind their frowns and insults—Come and see

**RICHARD CARLILE.**

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